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Poetry.

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Earth may boast her ruined scene Of beauty, rich and rare, Her heards of wealth and glilt'ring gems

HOME.

BY W. WESSTER CLAFLIN.

But steered by fortune's hand along, Whichever way I roam,

I find no spot so dear to As my old cottage home. It is not hard to gather friends

Our journeyings to cheer— Friends for a day, but friends in name

The cherished few who cluster round The old ancestral seat, Where, tired of all the cares of life,

We rest our weary feet, The heart will own no intercours With flattering smile and word,

But turns to a more genial place Where Love's soft tones are heard A mother's smiles are now forgot-

A father's lessons kind-Such love and kindness we may search The world in vain to find.

Dear Home! though I may wander far Thoug't ever be the dearest spot

In this wide world to me. I'll not forget those cherished friends

The constant and the true, Who shared my early cares and joys, Though often finding new.

ONLY WAITING.

A very aged man, in an almshouse, was asked wh he was doing ? He replied "Only waiting." Only walting till the shadows

Are a little longer grown, Only waiting till the gilmmer Of the day's last beam is flown ; Till the night of earth is fuded

From the beart once full of day ; Till the stars of heaven are breaking Through the twilight, soft and gray. Only waiting till the reapers

Have the last sheaf gathered home, For the summer time is faded, And the antumn winds have come Quickly, reapers ! gather quickly

The last ripe bours of my heart, For the bloom of life is withered. And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels At whose feet I long have lingered

Even now I hear the footster And their voices far away If they call me, I am waiting,

Only waiting till the shadows

Then from out the gather'd darknet Holy, deathless stars shall rise, By whose light my soul shall gladly

## Choice Miscellany.

AN INCIDENT OF CITY PRACTICE.

alone was abroad that winter's night, as here." I said to myself. long to you!

Winter night! hast thou no tongue to body. not enter the summered air of earth's fa- ensue.

a weary boy, with alms-basket upon his burned on the hearth, casting long shad-cause of my sudden departure, desiring shivering arm. From his figure, he dows on the floor and walls. The young that she would call in, during my abseemed not over ten years old; but his girl dozed, but now and then started sence, another physician. The young face was so wan and sad, that it was dif- from her short fevered sleep with eyes girl's fate, and the beggar-boy's sad face, ficuit to tell how many year blights the wildly open. Once or twice a deep sob were almost forgotten, during the the beggar child had seen. Summer clothes escaped her lips, and a few words, uninjourney, in my own cares. were still upon him; a tattered wolen telligible to the ear, were uttered. Afcomforter was the only winter article he ter a time, she slumbered most calmly.

snow's reflection to discern every outline strength and frequency. I was now satthere was something whispering at my distinctly from my early days; all seems adventure with the beggar-boy. of chimney and housetop, against the isfied that this sudden incursion of fever heart that all was not well. milky sky. A gay carriage rolled noise originated from some violent mental lessly on, with a beautiful girl well cause. was dashed from the rapid wheels like a lighting up every feature of her once cians had pronounced her laboring unwhite dust. She saw the weary, thin-beautiful face, which still remained very der typhus fever. My God! how my clad boy, as he stopped, with his head pale. In all my intercourse with Mrs. heart sank as the words fell on my ear. bent aside to the flake-burdened blast, to T\_\_\_\_\_, 1 had never had so prolonged I had dreaded this mistake as I left. gaze on the smoking horses as they plung- an opportunity of amining in detail the Alas! When will medical men learn to to the boy-it sank from her warm hand I became that she had not passed through their progress? Thank God, the time deep into the snow! It might have life without a history. brought bread and a cheering faggot; A few vague rumors had floated is not far distant when the wretched nosbut the smitten child never got it: the around relative to her history: that a have ceased to be read, and the dust of snow closed over it, whilst the blast grew strange desertion of her husband had ta-

window pane and wide-open door, as the become possessed of an immense estate. gay girl leaped from the carriage step- These tales, however, had soon subsided, health glowed as warmly from her bright and as her means were large and her to Mrs. T---'s. The weather had cheek. The snow melted as it fell on charities ample, the gossips of the town again turned intensely cold; the ice her up turned face : on the beggar boy quietly dropped the past and speculated road cracked beneath my horse's feet. it would have lain as upon a corpse-life on the future, as all respectable gossips. The only green thing showing was where blood had ceased to warm it. Alas, for should do.

ever with the humble poor; their load "It cannot be true. Oh, motherlightens not, though life lessens! No tell me, mother !" light, nor warming hearth-things that Mrs. T- fairly leaped to the bedbasket upon a bench. A wick still strug- frighted gesture : gled to light the wretched apartment, as "What is it-what do you mean? it flickered in the deep socket. An old My God, doctor, she raves."

my door, with its impatient horses snort- more constant. ing against the frosted air. In a few Day was just breaking as I left my

was gently moistening the palm of her winter morning, my poor boy ?" outstretched hand. The pulse was beat- He raised his large, dark eyes to my kept my finger on the pulse, and watch- ma." ed the expression of my young patient's "Are you not very cold in those thin ing from the symptoms—that mind had cold, sir." From a new work, entitled, "Scenes in the Practice of much to do in this over-action of matter. The horses, impatient at resting, were

thy frozen breath, and vainly wraps its after administering a cooling draught, I boy ! beauty was his only possession! icy blood in tattered rags? Canst thou watched for the changes that might At breakfast, a letter was handed me

Through the crunching snow trudged dow casements. A comfortable fire hurried note to Mrs. T-, stating the I placed my finger gently on her wrist; Light yet enough remained with the the pulse had lost much of its increased

wrapped in fur and cape, whilst the sno v Her mother sat near the fire, its blaze ed through the fast deepening crust. The expression of her countenance. The cast aside the shackles, fastened in ignowindow was let down. She threw a coin longer I gazed on her the more satisfied

keener. Trudge, trudge on, weary boy, life is a God-lesson! strange desertion of her husband had taken place, and that he was afterwards found around in a place, and that he was afterwards Read these tomes, ponderous in error, found drowned in a river near his house, and one would be led to believe that dis-Fire and lamplight gleamed through and that by his death Mrs. T-had

From lowly cot to palace-house, the which at times became almost fierce, and Earth looked arrayed for the grave. snow lay unbroken-not a sound broke varied with the thoughts that seemed The house-door was quietly opened

wind alone was abroad, howling its win- stately and self-possessed, had passed a try dirge through leaf-stripped tree and stormy life at some period when her pashedge. Still the snow fell and drifted in sions were under less restraint than now. ridge-like heaps-landmark and road-cut The voice of the fevered girl diverted were all gone. None could tell where her thoughts: a few words were murpoor man's lot or rich man's grounds be- mured, and then the lips pressed tremgan or ended; like in the grave, their blingly together, and a tear flowed and ran off her cheek. Suddenly starting The beggar-boy toiled on through up in the bed, and threading her long drift and dark ere he returned, more wea- curling hair with her slender finger, she ry as the night gathered on. Thus is it exclaimed, in a wild, delirious tone :

make house a home-were there to wel- side, and placing her hand over her come the wandering boy. He placed his daughter's mouth, exclaimed, with af-

woman lay asleep in the corner, covered The young girl fell back on her pillows. with rug and rags. The boy approach- The mother stood trembling and pale by ed, and touched her face with his cold the bed, a nameless terror depicted on fingers-they were colder than the blood every feature. Turning to me, in aquick, of starved age! Their chill aroused her. restless voice, she bade me give her a Another light was placed in the socket, quieting draught-"anything that would and a few dry leaves with shavings, were keep her from raving." The room was put beneath some rotten and water scak- not more than comfortably warm, yet ed bark, to warm the frozen fragments the perspiration stood upon the excited that unwilling charity had given; and mother's forehead like a thick dew. thus wrinkled age and wasted youth-life " Conscience," I thought to myself,

The clock had just struck two, as I In the course of an hour, the sufferer was summoned to the house of Mrs. T--- slumbered heavily; her breathing was The same carriage that in the evening burried and oppressed; the fever heat had borne the beautiful girl, awaited at had increased, and her moanings were

minutes, I entered the house. Mrs. T. young patient to return home. The snow met me in the front hall; her face was was still falling. The traces of wheels, deadly pale and her manner much exci- made during the night, were nearly efted. Her at times singular nervousness faced. As I looked out of the carriage had struck me, at my former visits, when- window, I saw a small boy struggling How dry the palm was! Her color had ever her daughter ailed. She now in- knee-deep, in the unbroken snow. It faded away; the round moulded cheeks formed me that her darling Emily was was the poor beggar-child, thin-clad, as were sunken; her eyes seemed double of yesterday, with his pale cheek as The young girl lay with her head turn- white as the snow he toiled through. I ed aside upon the pillow, her golden called to the coachman to stop, as we the lips parted sluggishly from the dark, place, I retired to my room in the house, brown hair scattered in wild profusion were passing the child. "Where are upon its white cover, whilst the nurse you going," I exclaimed, "in this cold

ing wildly at the wrist and temples, face; my heart grieved at their look of which were scorching hot; fever heat utter hopelessness, as he simply answerglowed from her lustrous eyes. As I ed. "To beg for myself and old gran-

countenance, something seemed to whis- clothes ?" I asked. His little teeth per—it was not from any regular reason- chattered as he answered, "I am very

Whilst the nurse held the candle to her plunging violently against the traces, face, the traces of dried tears shone on her and the coachman asked if he had not ILL-CLAD poverty, numbed with cold, suffused cheek. "Heart-ache surely is better drive on. I gave the boy a few the white snow fleeced the frost-harden- The mother watched my countenance the carriage passed by. I never saw silver coins that were in my pocket, and ed ground. But never mind earth's cold with a painful solicitude. A faint harsh- that boy but once again. His look bosom, the rich man's heart doth warm ness of expression gave a certain rigid- haunts me to this day. As I drove on, him, and makes him merry, however ity to her features, which were still very memory was busy tracing where I had blows the wind, or rages the storm. beautiful. There was something in the seen features like his. The dark hair Shiver, shiver on, beggar-poor! Ye whole appearance of my patient that exhave no hearts. Hungry stomach and cited my curiosity in the case. Some forehead, and clustered warmly about chilly skin belong to such as you. Kind- eight or ten hours had only passed since his neck, as though in protection against ly impulse nor feeling are thine! Star- she had thrown the snow-claimed alms the bitter cold; his large black eyes, vation and sense dulling cold alone be- to the beggar-boy, and now fever was with their long lashes; the chiselled outrunning riot through every artery in her line of his nose and mouth; these all struck me that somewhere I had seen a tell how spiritless poverty cowers beneath Silently seating myself at the bed-side, face that strikingly resembled his. Poor

which summoned me immediately to see vored children, and teach a lesson to The snow continued to fall, and was one of my children who lay i'll at a disdriven clinking against the double win- tant town. Before leaving, I wrote a

> On the sixth day after, I again found myself at home. My first thought was

My suspense was not long : a messenger had just left, stating that the dear rance, and which have so long clogged ease consisted of an excess of vitality.

After a hurried meal, I drove rapidly

crowded with numerous vials; the close | long years had robbed the muscles of atmosphere of the room sickened me .- their strength and pliant mould. Her Daylight just sufficient to discern objects voice, but of late so charged with rewas admitted through a partly opened pressed impulse, was now low, and every blind. My step was so light that no one word spoken with a melalchaly slowness, perceived my entrance. By the bed- that but too often become the forrunner side, with her head bowed down over of some great life-change. one of her daughter's pale hands, which As I entered late in the evening, I she held in both her own, sat the wretch- found her sitting in an easy-chair near

years had passed over her faded and been brought from the library to her care-worn countenance; her hair had chamber; its lid was down, and as I heart stood still. On the girl's temples, of tied letters a sealed parcel and placed dark, round, blue marks with crossed it in my hand. gashes, showed that the fatal cups had "Read this, doctor, at your leisure .been at their work; the left arm, expos- My pilgrimage of time is nigh ended. ed by the withdrawn sleeve of her night You will judge how great my sin, and also had been taken from the arm ! Oh, ask no forgiveness, for there will be none God ! how my heart ached. The doom left to forgive me. But charity of feeling of the sweet sufferer had been thus sure. I beg of you; for I would not like to die ly sealed. Fatal error! The excitement knowing that you would retain a severi-

I approached the bed; for the first fering." time the desolate mother heard my steps, and turning quickly she sprang from the chair, and placing her hands on my shoulders, she bowed her head on my chest. She sobbed wildly, as though her heart would break.

"Look, look, doctor, would you have known her? Oh, God! she is leaving me-save her, save her !"

She sank fainting on the floor. We gently raised her, and bore her to her own chamber. In a few minutes, I returned to my patient's room. She turnher head languidly towards me while her right hand moved as if to take mine .their natural size, and of a deeper color; the mouth was seemingly swollen, whilst crust-covered teeth. With great effort and opened the sealed package. It briefly she said: "Oh! I am glad you have from first love Emily was the fruit; and

was at its work in the young and inno- him. That after violently cursing her,

vears back. It ran-

have its just legal claim. Your child, her heart had reproached her, but search 'Emily,' take to your home, as though had been made in voin. it were an adopted orphan. Let not her As I read this tale of crime and repen-

your sake-forgive her."

in a cloud; but I remember a small cot- It was hardly day-dawn as I entered

here and there the wind had blown the deeply line-graven on her faded coun- up n his beautiful head; it was ice cold ! The longer I scanned her features, snow-caps from the stunted cedar-tops. tenance. In all my life I had never seen Quickly pushing back the hair from his hid in some place secure from cold. The satisfied that this woman, generally so in Emily's chamber. The mantle was riage bowed beneath a weight, as though | zen between the long lashes !

ed mother. It seemed to me as thoughten the fire. A small private secretary had become gray! I could not move-my seated myself she took from a package

dress, was bandaged at the elbow-blood how severe my punishment has been. I of the brain had been mistaken for in- ty of thought against one who, however erring, had paid the forfeit by great suf-

She spoke for some minutes longer, in the same low, distinct voice. Well knew her heart was nigh crushed! soon left her and sought her daughter's chamber. How still every thing seemed! The very candle with its long flame parted by the thickened wick-char, seemed not to flicker as it burnt on ! looked at the bed; the sweet girl lay with both hands crosse I upon her bosom, as though in prayer. An orange-blossom had dropped from her grasp and lay neglected by her side. Her life-hand never touched it more. I placed its stem gently back in her palm; for Death had claimed her as his bride !

A wild piercing shriek sounded through the house; the erring mother now knew

Whilst the shrouding of the dead took Poor child! her dark tongue was so how, unknown to all, the child had been secreted. That about three years after thickand dry that her words were searcely the birth, she was married to Harold intelligible. I felt her pulse : it was very T \_\_\_\_\_, whom she never loved ; and rapid, and the blood felt thin like water how, by a singular accident, the knowlin the easily-compressed vein. Death edge of her trespass was made known to Sending the nurse from the room, I he left her, and was shortly found drowned. That the letter so fatal to Emily quickly took the young girl's hand within my own. "Emily," I said to her, taire, and was picked up by her, un-"do you really wish to live?" "Yes, known to the mother till the day before ves," she distinctly murmured, "I am my return, when she missed it. It then very young—too young to die!" "Then, dear child, tell me, what has shocked T—"'s death, and that seized with an your nervous system so terribly-tell insane fury, she had resolved he should never inherit the father's name and With a strength that startled me, she wealth; and how, through the connisearched under the mattress side, and vance of a nurse, it was placed, with a placed a small note in my hand. It was sum of money, at a beggar's door, and slightly discolored, as though by time. a dead child laid beside her in its stead. I opened it; the date was over twelve That before sending the infant away, she had his father's initials tatooed on "When you receive this, Mira, my ca- its left arm. All traces of the child had reer will have ended. By my death you been lost; the beggar woman had died, will inherit all. Let my unborn child and another had taken it. At length

youth be blighted by the knowledge of tance, memory traced out the features of her unblest birth. I forgive you. Adieu the beggar-boy, as he stood shivering in the deep snow before me. Like a sud-My God! the doomed child was ille- den light, it burst upon me; the features gitimate! I stooped down and kissed that had so tormented my memory to rethe sufferer's forehead, and promised I call were those of the unhappy mother. would be a father to her. "Come," I Quickly I walked to Mrs. T --- 's room; whispered, "cheer up; your mother, if she was not there. I entered Emily's; she has sinned, has suffered much for the mother was clasping her daughter's shrouded body, weeping as tho' her heart "I do forgive her," she answered; would break. Gently bearing her back "but could I forget myself, unblest as I to her own chamber, I informed her that am? But I must live to know the truth. perhaps another child long lost might be Oh, where is the right owner of all this restored to her. She listened as one bewealth? My memory returns now in- wildered. I then informed her of my

tage in a deep wood, where my mother the carriage. My breath froze against often came to see me, and a tall woman the window-panes. After a few minutes who took care of me; then a gay car- the horses stopped before the wretched riage took me to a large house; but I snow-covered hovel. Not a word annever went back to the wood again .- swered the footman's repeated knocks. There mother left me a long time, and I opened the carriage door and placed when she came back-Oh, doctor, I can my hand on the latch; the door opened; speak no more; do give me something it was neither locked nor barred; for no to strengthen me, and I will yet try and thief would enter there. In the corner lay a bundle of rags with some straw ap-A cordial was administered by my parently used for a bed, but it was unown hands, and in a short time sleep occupied. Near the fire place, where came over her. Night again closed in ; naught but a little ashes and well-charthe wind had gone down as the sun set. red bark remained, half-reclining in a Another night of cold was ushered in .- large wooden chair, lay the beggar-boy. Woe to the poor! Woe to the hungry His cap had fallen on the ground, and his dark corling hair fell clustering over The wretched mother still retained his extended arm as his head rested on her room. By nightwatch, and fast, and it. - He had seemingly fallen asleep the heart-corroding memories, her energies night before, for his thin summer clother had been suddenly snapped. Pride and were on, and his basket, yet filled with passion, so long her friends, had now de the fragments of broken feasts, remained serted her, leaving every heart-agony untouched at his feet. I put my hand such a wreck! The proud look of self- cheek, the unmistakeable evidence of possession was gone, suppliant dejection death met my eye. He had apparently on the night; the very watch-dogs were crowding her memory, the more I was by a servant; in another minute I stood filling every feature; the haughty car fallen asleep weeping, for a tear lay fro Without it a man hardly knows whether start in life, is industry, good sense,

A GOOD TAKE OFF.

We raised the stiffened corpse of the ill-fated youth, and tearing away the thin sleeve from his left arm, the letters tie of the outrageous puffing advertise-H. T. were discovered in light blue ments of mere worthless stories than the points. Deserted, famished, and frozen, following from the Albany Evening Jourdeath had claimed the lone boy before nal. he knew a mother's love.

GHOST-STORIES.

Don't, for love of Heaven, tell ghost stories to children! It may serve to "keep the little ones quiet" an hour or two, but its baleful effects will linger genuine article: with them for years, and perhaps be the means of "quieting" them forever in an early grave.

There seems to us to be a fascination about ghost-stories, wierd and unaccountable, like that with which the serpent charms its victim; it binds a listener with a spell, painful to his senses, but so potent, that he cannot break away.

We can never help shuddering when we see a group of children gathered around some careless nurse, or too indulgent grand-mother, and listening, as if life depended on their hearing every word, to horrid-stories about restless spirits that leave the repose of the grave, to go on earthly missions of love or revenge, as the case may be. All the ghostly particulars are dwelt upon, till the faces so rosy an hour before, are deadly pale; bright eyes are set in a fixed stare of awe and terror, and white lips are half parted in the wild eagerness to learn more.

. But-the influence of that recital-who can estimate it ! The child's mind is exceedingly plastic; it receives impressions with wonderful facility and those strange, startling incidents will stamp themselves deeply-there. You may think they will will linger longer than you suppose, and ters have been developed by Jux,—the in future years you may see their bitter

own blood used to chill in our veins at been carefully gleaned by Tux from the hearing such stories. The details-were sayings of the so frightfully real, that we could not readily throw off the impression they prowhisper through every trembling leaf : demon faces lurked in every corner and made even our dreams hideous. Wedared not turn our head, when passing through a lonely room at night, and bursting open a trunk by too hastily would not have gone out to the wateringplace by the old willow, scarcely a stone's throw from the house for a handful of

house-keeper, whom she thought she the could trust, was left to take care of the children. A gentleman, a friend of the family, called in the early part of the evening to see that we were safe, and at hours with us. At length the conversation struck a story-telling vein; the house-keeper had quite a fund of such stirring adventures to relate.

We children-three in number-sat istening, all eye and ear, swallowing Captain's office and settle.' The man every one greedily and growing more and that wouldn't settle. He is put ashore ! more frightened with every passing mo- 'How will I be avenged?" The fitting ment. How our whole frame thrilled! instrument! The Jesuit ticket boy!-What fearful visions fancy began to con- The gimblet hole in the boiler! The jure up! What a benumbing sense of baggage smasher heroically stops up the terror locked our senses! A particular- hole with his thumb! Sensation! The ly horrid story had nearly reached its cli-bursted trunk! The discovery of the max, when it was abruptly broken off innocent child! 'Where's my ma?'by one little girl sinking back in her Sympathy of the passengers! Fall of great difference, some varieties being chair. It was ourself; we knew noth- the Jesuit ticket boy! Hail Columing more till we awoke to consciousness his ! on our bed, and saw the house keeper In preparing the MSS, of the Baggage and our child-friends bending over us Smasher for the press, over three gross with the deepest solicitude.

by that fireside, when we were there, lineations! The work will be published but the effect of those and others heard on paper a quarter of an inch thick, in youth, is not quite gone.

the wild, mystic legends of Germany dollar, are not pleasant to us; we turn in disgust from the "mysteries of Udclpho;" and the mournful monotone of Poe's Raven, and his gloomy pictures, which unlike Rembrandt's have no light to relieve their strong shadows, fall heavily on our soul. To the latest day of life, we bethe effect of those ghost-stories .- Olive Mammoth Presses, upon which the work

name of poverty to the want of superflui- all the station houses along the route!

Any one may do a casual act of good nature ; but a continuation of them shows it a part of the temperament.

on which all men depend.

he is honest or not.

We have never seen a better traves-

"A humorous correspondent sends us a travestie of one of this sort of advertisements, which is so little exaggerated, put into our advertiseing columns as a

WILL BE PUBLISHED EARLY NEXT MONTH. uniform with the Lamplighter, the Hot Corn Girl, the Watchman, the Barber and the Pea Nut Peddler.

A new and extraordinary American Romance, entitled THE BAGGAGE SMASHER.

This wonderful work has been over eight months in preparation, and is the joint production of six of the most distinguished authors connected with the Sunday Owlet; who under the assumed ineognitosof 'Bux,' 'Jux,' 'Nux,' 'Chux,' 'Qux,' and 'Tux,' have for years past delighted the literary world with their thrilling and soul inspiring productions ! It was thought that the engagement of such an array of talent could not fail to result in

The most astounding fiction everissued from the Press !

And the verdict of posterity will show that in this expectation the publishers have not been disappointed ! One thousand dollars a day.

Has been paid to the authors of the Baggage Smasher during their labors; and each, in his proper department, has showered upon it the most brilliant coruscations of his genius. The plot has soon be effaced, but you mistake; they been elaborated by Bux,—the characand Chux,-and the scenery has been We have not yet forgotten how our depicted by Qux; while the jokes have

Upper Ten Thousand! With those natural traits of brilliancy duced. Mysterious voices seemed to and refinement, Tux is, by station and association, perfectly familiar!

The plot of the Baggage Smasher, though novel in the extreme, is strictly founded on fact! The Baggage Smasher, dropping it upon the deck, discovers a fatherless boy asleep inside! He adopts the child as his own, and is rewarded How vividly one incident of this kind for his generosity by being promoted comes up before us, as we write! We from one situation of trust to another, were spending a winter's night at a until he arrives at the dignity of being neighbor's with a beloved school companion; now, alas! in her grave. Her which, the friendless boy is subsequentmother, a widow. was absent, but a ly discovered to be the cast off son of

The whole is severe and correct, inculcating the virtue of newspapers, the liability of great men to err, the inefficiency of patent leather straps upon bagsystem as regards the marrige state !

As an instance of the varied contents of the Baggage Smasher, we subjoin a travelled considerably and had many synopsis of a certain portion, selected at

'The downward passage-Call at the

of Mynard & Noves' writing-ink have Story-telling was henceforth abjured been used, solely for erasures and intermanufactured expressly for the purpose, We have no relish for such things now; and will be sold at the low price of one

In order to prevent delay in the preparation and dissemination of copies,

One hundred and twentieth edition will be published first !

In addition to which, special trains on the Hudson River and Central Railroads, lieve we shall relain in some measure, will be fitted up with twelve of Hoe's will be struck off while the cars are go-NATURE makes us poor only when we ing sixty miles an hour, and the copies, want necessaries, but custom gives the as fast as printed, will be thrown out at Apply early. Orders received by

DOEM, BROWN & SELLUM. New York City.'

Concerr and confidence are both o Lange is one of the greatest elements them cheats; the first always imposes on of society-the great substantial interest itself, the second frequently decieves

ADVERSITY is the trial of principle.- THE best capital for young men to courage, and the fear of God.

ONE DOLLAR AND PIPTY CETNS

For the Farmer.

[From the Ohio Farmer.]
GATHERING APPLES

The season for gathering apples is just proaching, and what I wish to say to farmers upon that subject is, to pick your apples; if they are worth gathering that it had a narrow escape from being at all, they are worth picking. There are many kinds of apples that ought to be handled as carefully as you would handle eggs, for what would break an egg would bruise them, and when they are bruised they are spoiled for long

> But I suppose there are many who think it is more than apples are worth to pick them; if so, it is because they do not know how to do it, and for the benefit of such I will give something of my plan of gathering apples.

LADDER FOR GATHERING APPLES. I have light ladders of different engths; the one most used is about 18 or 20 feet long; another, 8 or 10 feet long, and another, which is very convenient in many places, is a double ladder, or two ladders kept together at the top by letting the top round of one answer for both, then leave out the rounds of one except the lower one, so they will shut up together and be just as handy to carry as a swing ladder, and when you set it up, spread the lower ends apart se it will stand alone. They can be made of any length, but about 10 feet is most convenient. They should be made of light material; the side may be nothing more than narrow strips of board .-The lower ends of the ladder should be about 3 feet wide to prevent turning over; the top may be as narrow as you desire

PICKING APPLES

To pick the apples, you want a halfbushel basket with a hook attached, so that it may be hung upon a limb or ladder round, while being filled. The barrels should be placed as wanted at each tree, and when the basket is filled, do not pour them from the top of the barrel as you would a basket of notatoes. but lower the basket into the barrel, and then turn it over carefully. You may think this is a slow way to gather apples, but it will pay much better than to shake

them off. One man will pick in this way from 18

to 20 barrels in a day. CARE AFTER GATHERING. When the barrels are filled, they should not be headed up tight; as I have often seen reccommended-for there is nothing that will spoil an apple quicker than shutting it up in a close

The best way is to leave the barrels pen, but if necessary to head them up, there should be holes in the sides of the barrels so they may have a free circulation of air, for without it they very soon lose their taste, and become worthless, if

They should be stored in open sheds, or other airy places, until there is danger of their freezing, when they may be taken to the cellar, which should be kept cool and airv.

In this way apples may be kept sound a great length of time. There is generally a better market in Spring than Fall, and if you want apples to eat, it is much pleasanter to have them sound and fresh than rotten. I intended to have said something upon the varieties of apples, which have proved most profitable to cultivate in this section, as there is a much better than others, but I have already made this much longer than I intended, and will leave the rest for anoth-Yours very truly,

GEO. J. COLBY. Jonesville, Vermont, Sept. 1855. BOTS IN HORSES

J. M. Tanner, of Kirtland, informs us that a strong tea made of the common garden sage, (salvia officinalis,) and from one to two quarts administered luke warm, will immediately remove the bots. He states that he has never known this remedy to fail, and that horses will commence eating hay within half an hour after the tea has been administered. It is worthy of a trial at all events - Ohio

We have frequently used for the same surpose, a strong decoction of Green Tea, by boiling + lb. Tea a few minutes in 3 pints of water; administered luke warm, and have never known it to fail. Some men of a secluded and studious

life have sent forth from their closet or their cloister, rays of intellectual light that have agritated courts and revolution-Your character cannot be injured, ex-

cept through your own acts.

Unchasts language is the index of an impure heart.